

Sternritter Blitz

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36355660) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36355660>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Rape/Non-Con , Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	F/F , F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Original Work
Relationships:	Original Male Character/Original Male Character , Original Female Character/Original Female Character , Original Female Character/Original Male Character
Character:	Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Slow Build , Female Homosexuality , Male Homosexuality , Child Abuse , Implied/Referenced Child Abuse , Implied Childhood Sexual Abuse , Sexual Abuse , Self-Harm , Slavery , Racism , Alternate Universe - Supernatural Elements , Supernatural Elements , Magic , Alternate Universe - Magic , Blood and Injury , Blood and Violence , Gangs , Homophobic Language , Abusive Parents , Solaria's mother is terrible , Sexism , Aeredale is just a terrible place in general , Alternate Universe - Future
Language:	English
Collections:	Anonymous List 012
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-11 Words: 3,081 Chapters: 1/?

Sternritter Blitz

by [karinakamichi](#)

Summary

The truth was Oswin never wanted to be a prince. He wanted to be able to live life like a normal child, and to make normal friends instead of having his entire life decided for him. But things are never that simple and he slowly finds himself realizing that he needs to take responsibility he never had before.

Set in a different fictional leadership system, so it's not accurate to what kings, queens and royalty system would be like in real life.

You probably think being a prince would be a fantasy come true, don't you? Well, let me tell you something: it's not. For one, you hardly have any control over your own life or the friends you're allowed to make. Even for kids, there's a huge amount of work you have to put in. Constant hours of studying, many books and movies are heavily monitored and most of the children like me were taken away from their mother at four years old to be placed in dorms for the rest of their childhood all so they can be indoctrinated and brainwashed to serve the king. To put things simply, it's a living hell.

...

This is the story of Oswin, the son of Heimdarr, who is the king of an empire known as Aeredale.

Where should one really begin? It probably started was back when he had just turned twelve. He was listening to his uncle prattle on about the affairs of their country. He lectured him frequently about basically everything so he had developed the habit of tuning him out when he got bored of listening to him. It wasn't like he wanted to be rude, he just didn't care about politics or economics at the time. He wanted more than anything to just be a normal kid, but there were so many opportunities that had been taken from him due to being in the position of Royalty.

Somewhere at an distance after about thirty minutes, he heard his uncle Irohn scolding him.

"Young Lord, are you listening to me? You're not, are you?"

Immediately, he tried to play it off as he scratched his head. "Oh, sorry, Uncle. I got distracted. Were you talking about the border disputes in Creta again?"

Irohn sighed, and Oswin could already hear his incoming rant. "Oswin, you need to start paying attention. You're the heir to the throne of Aeredale for God's sake!"

"Yeah, but I still don't understand why it has to be me. Why can't I just offer the role of heir to somebody else, like Zhen?" He asked, thinking of his best friend since childhood. It was true that Zhen was not of royal blood, but he was quick on his feet and practically unbeatable when it came to fighting with a sword. "He's so much better than me at literally everything."

It was true that he simply didn't *want* to be king in the first place, but he really couldn't stop himself. Zhen was truly amazing even if he was sometimes mischievous. "There's also Solaria, my sister, she'd make a great leader!"

As expected, however, my bitter uncle Irohn didn't approve of either idea, just as nobody in the kingdom did. "While it is true that Zhen may be an excellent warrior on the battlefield, he is simply not fit for leadership. And a woman should *never* take such a role. Solaria's purpose is to serve you as a bodyguard, and nothing more."

At hearing that, Oswin clicked his tongue. To be fair, he was long since used to hearing those excuses from all the rest of the royals as well. Not only jabs at Solaria being a girl, but they had always treated Zhen differently due to him having been adopted as a baby by one of the royals after his family was killed in the war with Creta thirteen years ago. Whether it was his albino hair and red eyes, or simply the fact that he was from a race with ancestors responsible for killing theirs, almost everybody in the castle shunned him and treated him like dirt, occasionally picking fights with him or spitting on him.

It made Oswin's blood boil every time he saw the way they acted towards him, but any time he defended him, he just ended up berated by his uncle or father. Even though Zhen tried to act nonchalant about it, Oswin could tell it bothered him, he wished more than anything he could have done more to help him. He hated watching him suffer such mistreatment.

But since he was only a kid there was only so much he could do.

"You always say that, but-" he started to argue, but Irohn cut him off.

"That is enough. It has been explained to you numerous times that we can not allow *outsiders* to take up the throne...!" Irohn snapped, only irritating him more.

"Yeah, well, why not?!" Oswin retorted.

"I said that is enough!" Irohn shouted, startling him. In truth Oswin wanted to punch him, but bit his tongue to hold back the urge.

"Okay, fine, but I'm done here. I'll talk to you later." Ignoring his protests after that, Oswin ran off from the courtyards to the dorms to meet up with his bodyguard.

...

Solaria was a few years older than Oswin at sixteen and was also his half sister. Ever since she could remember she had been constantly told that her entire purpose in life was to serve the king and her brother without a mind or will of her own. Despite that, Oswin didn't look down on her and in turn, she was one of the few people who respected him as a person and wasn't afraid to stand up to him when needed. Plus, she was really strong. If there was anybody who could match Zhen in fighting skills, it was her, but that was because she had received special training since the age of five.

"You're going to town? You just went this morning." She asked. She didn't sound upset, but she did seem a bit surprised.

"Yeah, but you know how much I like getting outside of the castle. Pleeeeease?" Without thinking, he wrapped his arms around her, practically begging her. Immediately, she froze up in response.

"Fine. I will come. Even so, do you mind letting go of me? I'm sure you should know by now that I don't like being touched." She said in a lower voice than intended, her face heating up uncomfortably.

Suddenly, Oswin felt a bit guilty. He had never understand why, but Solaria always hated physical contact.

"Oh, right, sorry, I guess I keep forgetting..." He scratched his head awkwardly.

"...No, it is fine..." Solaria murmured in a low voice, adjusting her sleeve, before giving a small smile of assurance. "If you want to go, then we will go..."

Within seconds, his focus changed back to the original discussion. He smiled back. "You mean it? Oh, thank you so much, you're the best, Solaria!"

Solaria nodded slightly, exiting the room to follow him out the courtyards. "It is no problem, really. But we must be quiet, you know how Father feels about you going into town."

"Right."

...

The two managed to sneak past the guards with no issue at all, with towels over their head of course to more or less hide their faces. In all fairness, security had been rather lax as of late, but that was something Solaria and Oswin suddenly found themselves grateful for.

The outskirts of Aeredale had always been pretty run down. Hundreds of homeless people slept on the streets, starving citizens, trash littered around. It was just an all around shithole and that was putting it lightly.

A part of Solaria had always hated visiting here, but for whatever reason Oswin wanted to come here frequently.

"*Disgusting...*" Solaria thought, as she observed an older middle aged man chastising a younger, likely ten year old, boy who was insisting he just wanted food. The boy had dark skin and was clearly scared.

Oswin too had noticed and stopped to look alongside several other people in the area.

"Didn't you hear me?! I said we don't sell to your kind, so get lost already!" The older man shouted.

"Please, I don't need much. Just a little bit of bread will be okay. I have the money." The boy pled, only to get shot down again.

"I won't repeat myself, you little asshole. Don't you get it? Your money isn't welcome here. Unless of course, you'd prefer to *pay with your body instead ...?*" The man reached up, stroking a hand over the boy's cheek. "I might make an exception then... What do you say...?"

This is where Solaria snapped, even before Oswin could process what was going on.

Solaria approached him without hesitation, grabbing the man's hand and barely restraining herself from breaking his bones. "Get your hand off of him, you filthy *pig* ."

"Huh? Who the hell are you?" The man slurred and it was then that Solaria caught the scent of alcohol in his breath. He had been drinking. Still not an excuse as far as she was concerned.

"Who I am doesn't concern you. However, if you ever even *think* of laying your hand a child again, I will not hesitate to cut off your head and hang it on display for the entire world to see as an example to all the other monsters like yourself, do I make myself clear?!" Solaria felt satisfied as she heard one of his bones crack in her grip.

Screams suddenly filled the air as the man began begging for his life.

"Hmph. Now go give that child the food he offered to pay for *free of charge* !"

"Okay, okay! I'm doing it, please spare my life!" The man bowed profusely before running into the nearby restaurant. From a distance, it might almost look kind of funny seeing how a 13 year old child had brought somebody over twice her age to his knees, but nobody was laughing.

Oswin had been about to get involved but it seemed she had handled it in his place.

"Are you okay?" Solaria turned to the child.

"Y-yeah. Thanks, ma'am." The boy responded.

"It's no problem." Solaria said quietly.

"So um... what's your name if you don't mind me asking? Are you from around here?" Oswin asked.

"Oh, uh. You can just call me Eli. I came here from Sonnestadt and I'm kind of looking for information about my big brother..." The boy said, his mood suddenly plummeting, bangs shadowing his eyes. "I don't know where he is, but please, you have to tell me anything you know! He hasn't returned home for days."

"Hey, you need to calm down." Oswin said. "The first thing I want you to do is give me any physical descriptions of him that you can and his name too. I'll find you a place to stay in the mean time, and we can figure out where to go from there, okay? Can you do that?"

"Yeah, okay." Eli responded after a moment. That was when the guy from the restaurant returned with a paper tray of food.

"Here, please, just take it and leave me alone." He shoved the tray of food into Eli's hand before running back into the restaurant.

...

"So you said it was your brother that was missing, right? Where are your parents?" Oswin asked once they had found a table to sit at nearby.

"I don't have any..." Eli murmured as he ate one of the bread rolls in the tray. "I'm an orphan. Our parents died a long time ago, five years after the war, due to the toxins that were released into our town, so my Brother was all I had... He practically raised me since I was a baby."

"I'm really sorry to hear that, but don't worry, I promise we'll find him for you..." Oswin said with a solemn look on his face. And yet something inside of him found respect for the boy for being so strong. He didn't have parents and his brother was missing. Only the age of ten, but he was holding himself together admirably.

"Didn't you want his physical description and name?" Eli offered.

"Yes, if you could." Oswin didn't want to press him right away but it would certainly help. In truth he hated having to take this kind of initiative as a prince, but he couldn't just ignore a situation like that. If he could ease the mind of a child who was missing the only family he had only by a little bit, he would do whatever he had to.

Solaira sat in silence observing them and taking in the information as it was offered to them.

"My brother is um... dark-skinned like me, and his name is Darius... He had longer shoulder length hair which he bleached and kept in dreadlocks... Broad chin, x shaped scar on his left cheek and blue eyes, also his eyebrows were kinda thick, like hers." Eli pointed at Solaria, who simply scoffed and gained a small snicker from Oswin in the process. Solaria had always been pretty sensitive over her eyebrows, but given that it was only a child, she somehow restrained herself from saying anything.

"Do you have any recollection of what he was wearing the last time you saw him?" She asked

Eli looked down. "No, I'm sorry, I can't remember..."

"It is fine. You needn't worry. The description you provided us with will be more than sufficient. I swear to you that we will find your brother." Solaria said before Oswin could respond.

Even though Oswin was the prince of Aeredale and heir to the throne, Solaria herself, as a princess, had plenty of access to information about such things due to the fact that her mother, one of the three wives of the king, was an info-broker which had the resources needed for a simple task such as this. Solaria wasn't fond of her mother in the slightest (let alone her father) for reasons she had never spoken of, but it looked like she would have to just deal with it as she always had.

"I see... Thank you so much for your help. He's all that I have left so I don't want to lose him..." Eli trailed off into silence as he took another bite of the bread roll he was holding, tears welling up in his eyes.

Oswin decided to speak up again. "So if you don't mind me asking, what's your brother like? You seem to care a lot about him if you came all the way out here to look for him. He must be a really great guy."

Immediately, Eli perked up. "Yeah, he is! My brother is the absolute coolest! He's basically a prodigy at everything he does and his talent is unrivaled. He even taught me to fight with a sword! I'm not an expert at it or anything or at least not at his level yet but I can still hold my own pretty well."

"A sword, huh? My best friend and Solaria here are both really good with the sword too." Oswin smirked. "You ought to train with them sometime if you ever get a chance."

"Really? You mean it? Yeah, I'd love that!" Eli grinned excitedly. "I don't like fighting, but I want to become stronger so I can protect my people when I have to."

"I see... I can tell you're a very caring person, Eli. This world can be really cruel sometimes, so I want you to keep those ideals of yours no matter what anybody says, okay? You must

never waver."

"I know. My brother always said the same thing. He always tells me 'only use violence when necessary. Otherwise, it will only breed a cycle of hatred.' To be the change we want to see in the world, that's what my brother believes. And so do I..." Eli grabbed an apple from the tray.

"Your brother sounds like he must be really smart, Eli." Solaria and Oswin were fully aware that ideals like that weren't always easy to keep once one got older and saw the harsh realities of the world but it was admirable none the less and there was no reason to tell such an innocent child otherwise.

Eli beamed proudly with a mouth now full of food. "I know, right? By the way, you never told me your name. So what is it?"

"Oh right, I'm Oswin and this is my sister." Oswin said sheepishly.

"I'm sure you already know my name by now, but it's Solaria." Solaria said simply.

"Wait... Oswin? Solaria...? You're king Heimdarr's children...?!" Eli suddenly grew suspicious.

"Shh, quiet...! And, yeah, we are... Let me guess, you're suspicious, aren't you?" Oswin asked, noticing his mood plummeting.

"No, it's nothing... I just..." Eli murmured barely louder than a breath.

"It's fine. You don't need to say it." Solaria said simply. "Your apprehension is completely understandable. The king is directly responsible for your poor situation, is he not? It's only natural that you would that you would look at us with distrust as well, but I assure you we have no intentions of harming you or your brother."

"I see..." Eli pondered their words, before deciding it couldn't hurt to continue conversation with them as long as he could finish the food on his tray. "...So what about you? Do you have any other siblings? Like a brother? Or maybe a friend?"

"Due to me being a prince, I don't really have much choice over my connections, but there is a special guy I've known since childhood which I have a lot of respect for. He's the friend I mentioned earlier... His name is Zhen. Not only is he good with swords, but he's really cool when you get to know him, even if he's kinda crazy sometimes. I have a lot of respect for him because he's not afraid to stand out or be himself. I always keep up an appearance for others for fear of being scolded, but he simply doesn't care and says whatever comes to his mind. He's blunt in a sense, and funny sometimes too. I really look up to him..." As Oswin talked about Zhen, he felt his mood lightening up.

"Oh? I want to meet him one day." Eli smiled.

"I'll plan on it." Oswin smiled back.

...

Over the course of the next ten minutes, Oswin and Eli continued chatting until finally Eli had finished his food and Oswin decided they should start looking for Eli's brother. "Well, it's getting kind of late, so I think we should get going. There's a homeless shelter nearby that we can have you stay at in the meantime. We'll keep you updated when we get information."

Eli stood up, smiling. "Okay. Let me just throw this away first. Be back in a minute."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!